

Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Traill confirms the current impression that after the defeat of the Gladstonians on a home rule question in 1886 Lord Salisbury misled his readiness to waive his own claim to the office of prime minister in support of a weak Unionist government under Mr. Chamberlain. The offer was declined on the ground that a common fealty to the union required no strengthening by official bonds. In view of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain was a devoted Unionist, considered as a political force the constituencies, it is not likely that the offer then made will be repeated. Aspros of Mr. Salisbury's second tenure of office, Mr. Chamberlain's policy in regard to Egypt is remembered it is solely based upon his management of England's foreign affairs, whatever success may have been attained in Ireland but freely conceded to belong to Mr. Balfour. There is no definite proof that remarkable sagacity characterized the administration of Mr. Salisbury during the last six years. It is true that there have been differences with Mr. Chamberlain in regard to the Egyptian situation in eastern and southern Africa, with one again in Newfoundland, and with the United States in Bohring Sea. But, with the exception of the last-named controversy, none of the decisions of Mr. Salisbury have been disastrous; nor except in the case of Egypt is there any reason to suppose that Lord Salis-

of graceful bamboo sways their slim limbs of green branches, and broad, shiny leaves of the yam, or of the still larger and more glossy plantain, clustered around the picturesque native huts. In the garden one notices a group of flamboyant magnolia trees, very well adapted to the life of the forest, so robust are the masses of heart-shaped gold blossoms which in May and June rest on delicate feathery foliage of dazzling green. Grasses resembling the tall ones of the author was the *hibiscus*-like blossoms that were common here. The hibiscuses daily change from white to crimson. Each morning comes the bush covered with newly opened flowers, some of them as green snow, and others the sun sets all have assumed the color of fire. Through the blooming forest of this summer world exquisite living creatures and skin on wings of gossamer. Amid the darts of dragonflies, the hum of bees, and the fluttering of brilliant butterflies—some pale blue, some yellow, others veiled black with crimson spots, and brilliant metallic-looking dragon flies.—During daylight hours, however, the humming of insects is almost unobscured by the surroundings is broken by a jarring sound, the everlasting hum of the cicada, which holds its noisy revel in every grove and garden of Ceylon. But the ear finds the longest silence when it is turned toward the sky. Then, for a sudden a host of all insect life like the sudden stopping of machinery. Now beau-

III.

Before following Miss Gordon Cumming to the features of the coconut, we must see what Sandy, we would pause a moment to see what she has to say about the trees of Ceylon, of which, although rather an artist than a naturalist, she was a keenly interested observer, both on the seaboard and afterward in our journeys through the hill country. The most striking features of the seacoast landscape are the coco palm and the breadfruit tree. The latter are in groups of stately shafts, faultlessly upright, like slender alabaster pillars, each crowned with a capital of glossy green. The areca palm bears large clusters of hard nuts, perhaps 200 on a tree, about the size and consistency of cuttings, which, like the coconuts, are encased in a thick husk of fibre. It is the areca nut, which, after being cut into thin hard slices, are, with the addition of a pinch of lime wrapped up in a leaf of the betel pepper, for the delectation of the Singhalese. More beautiful even than the straight unswerving growth of the areca are the coconuts, averaging from eight to eight and a half in height, and crowned with fronds far longer and more graceful than those of the areca, and with several large clusters of fruit in all stages, the golden nuts hanging down, the younger, greener ones pendant above, while to crown all are two or three lovely blossoms of a pale cream-colored hue, the long, curved in purest ivory. The wheat head, harved at its base a small white ball, which is the embryo nut, each bunch numbers thirty or more of these heads, about eight or ten of the nuts coming to perfection. The blossoms in their early stage are a pale yellow, and which ripens for the flower expands and turns purple for many hours and decorative pur-

which attend its flowering. For forty years the tree grows steadily till its white stem is as straight as a giant's leg, and its height of upward of a hundred feet is reached by the magnificent crown of gigantic leaved waving then attained maturity. It slowly develops one huge bud fully four feet high. In the course of time the expanding blossom bursts in prison and develops into an enormous spray of hermaphrodite flowers, taking about a month to reach the majestic pyramid of snowy plumes, composed of thousands of small cream-colored blossoms, possessing an uncommon overpowering scent. These form one of the splendid mass of blossom, rising from the center of the leafy crown to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet, and towering far above the surrounding foliage. This stupendous cluster of blossoms is the most magnificent which the lower tree sometimes measures twenty feet, the base of the pyramid thus having a diameter of forty feet. It is a glorious object and is visible from an immense distance. But the tree, which, for well-nigh half a century, has been accumulating strength and vigor, and has been slowly recovering from the exhaustion inseparable from procreation. Its last energies are lavished on the opening of its one crop of innumerable, but, seems, useless nuts, each about the size of small apple. Then, having fulfilled its mission, the palm sickens, withers, decays, and finally, in the autumn, when the great blossom like first shed itself the dead tree falls prostrate, leaving its crown of precursors to grow a legacy to its owner.

It is not perhaps surprising that in reviewing a book upon Cayton one should linger over descriptions of other nature, and before passing to other features of this book we must first glance at the life of the great tree, the bread fruit tree, but, the first cousin of the

stores of Bilingual knowledge and translating
 he books he found on the history of the island
 European students are indebted to two Wes-
 tern writers, viz. the Rev. J. Gogerly and
 the Rev. J. Richardson. Gogerly, in 1850's
 works on "Eastern Monachism" and his Man-
 ual of Buddhism," published in 1850 and
 1853, were among the first to awaken the
 interest of English readers in the faith of
 hundreds of millions of their fellow men.
 One notion of the literary labor represented
 by the Buddhist literature of the island au-
 thorities, of which 237 volumes, all of which
 are in Sanscrit, and 150 in Elu, from his col-
 lection collected by Mr. Spence Hardy in
 Buddhist monasteries. As for the sacred writ-
 ings in Pali, one of the most celebrated con-
 tains 592,000 stanzas and another 361,000, so
 that the study of their palm leaf pages must
 have proved a tedious task.

V.

From the Oriental Library at Kandy one
 passes by a natural transition to the cyclopaen
 annals of Anuradhapura, which for 1,353 years
 was the metropolis of Ceylon, and which, at
 the acme of its splendor, must have been one
 of the greatest cities that ever existed on the
 earth. We know from Ptolemy, Malin, Strabo,
 and Aristotle, A. D. 470 from native annals, that
 100 years before the birth of Christ all that
 constituted Eastern luxury was massed in
 the capital of an island which had already be-
 come the chief centre of Eastern traffic, a posi-
 tion which Ceylon was to retain through
 centuries. Greeks, Macedonians, Portuguese, and
 Dutch kings, and the British, all made the me-
 tropolis of Anuradhapura covered 250 gardens,
 the whole of which was enclosed by a
 strong outer wall, which, however, was not
 completed until the first century after Christ.

[illegible]

A Word for the Woman Shopper.

From the Gentleman.

How much noise and commotion about shopping and the ways and means of doing it! The lady with so much spare time on her hands, and so much to do, is always to be found out of different shops, buying the things she has no intention of buying, especially the train of the next season. She has furnished a good deal of "copy" in her day, per chance; but in the interests of truth, she has never been able to furnish a word of truth. Much observation of the ways of purchasing thoughts about to be brought to the attention of the public, more wholly uninteresting, but of a crowd over each item in the way recently appeared in a popular journal. They said as readily as may be, "Fidelity they do not want, but they want and only want the things that are new and different." It is often because they are in a hurry, and not from intentional deceit.